

THE ORGAN GRINDER

Kind friends attention give to me,
And hear my doleful ditty,
I am an object, you'll agree,
Deserving of great pity,
Young Master Cupid's been unkind;
But fate has proved unkinder,
For bottled is my peace of mind,
Thro' a nasty Organ-grinder,
I've lost my gal, alackaday,
And can't tell where to find her,
She's been and gone and run away,
With a beastly Organ-grinder,
My sweetheart's was Betsy Jane,
Her other name was Morgan,
But she, alas! I found, with pain,
Was partial to a organ,
Whene'er she saw this organ man;
Her work she'd not be minding;
She always to the window ran
And liked to see him grinding;
Now music, in a woman's breast,
A soothing charm infuses,
And Betsy Jane, like all the rest,
Was partial to the muses,
This organ man she used to pay,
To charm her with his organ,
And "like old boots," he'd grind away,
To please my Betsy Morgan,
She often, for a bit of fun,
Would go and turn his handle,
And with such skill perform, that none
To her could hold a candle,
She'd grind away at "Peter Gray,"
"The Cove" and "Paddy Carey,"
She at "Bob Ridly" was au fait,
And "were coming, sister Mary,"
One day I saw, to my surprise,
Astonishment and wonder,
This organ-grinder roll his eyes,
Like dying ducks at thunder;
To Betsy Jane, he kissed his hand;
(With rage my breast was burning,)
And I could it no longer stand,
When she was it returning,
I rush'd down stairs like lightning quick
Some good round oaths did mutter,
And seizing up his organ stuck
I knocked him in the gutter,
I gave him many an ugly 'job,'
And pulveris'd his organ,
When a pail of water, on my nob,
Was flung by Betsy Morgan,
Said I; "O! Betsy, once I thought,
That you I could be trustin';
You aint behaved as how you ought,
With grief my 'art is bustin';
By you, I've been dumbfounded quite,
I wish as you'd been kinder,
You've giv me up—which is 'nt right—
For a nasty organ-grinder,"
All my entreties fail'd to move,
The heart of Betsy Morgan,
She said, "she bid'nt care for me,
I hadn't got on organ!
She's gone and left me in the lurch,
I don't know where to find her,
I'm knocked completely off my perch,
Thro' that nasty organ-grinder,